

carry through properly, while here you pinch in one corner of the house, and lavish in another."

And now the children came trooping in to dessert, How charming they looked!

Mrs. Baker's two little girls in white merino and pale blue ribbons, Charlie in black velvet "nigger-boggers," Tommy in a kilt suit, and Baby Len looking like a gorgeous butterfly, in a beautiful little dress covered with Oriental embroidery—

Aunt Florrie's Christmas gift, sent by Tom.

What a merry time we had after the advent of the children! No seats were provided for them, each gentleman taking a little prattler on his knee, and soon the room was filled with clear childish voices, and rippling peals of joyous laughter. Tom had taken his namesake, but must have regretted his choice when Tommy told Miss Latour that, 'Onkey Tom was going to take her to Ireland wif him,' a piece of information which he had, in an unwary moment, elicited from me, when demanding why Uncle could not take him.

Sissy Baker, who sat on Alec's knee, did not add much to his peace of mind by informing him that she liked him very much herself, but "Aunt Josie says she hates you."

We had no wines to detain the gentlemen, so all adjourned to the parlor together.

"That is real mistletoe from McGibbon's over the